Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whoſe naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſcent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwaies of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitie with bloud of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholſome bloud; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth bodie.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnnuzled, diſappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,

Let

Let not the Royall b
A Couch for Luxuri
But howſomeuer th
Taint not thy mind,
Againſt thy mother
And to thoſe thorne
To prick and ſting h
The Gloworme ſhe
And gins to pale his
Adiew, adiew, adie
Ham. O all you h
And ſhall I couple h
And you my ſinewe
But beare me ſwiftly
I thou poore Ghoſt
In this diſtracted Gl
Yea, from the table
Ile wipe away all tri
All ſaw of Bookes, al
That youth and obſe
And thy commanden
Within the Booke a
Vnmixt with baſer m
O moſt pernicious w
O villaine, villaine, ſ
My tables, meet it is
That one may ſmile,
At leaſt I am ſure it m
So Vncle, there you a
It is adiew, adiew, re
I haue ſworne't.

Ent

Hora. My Lord, m
Mar. Lord *Hamle*
Hora. Heauens ſe
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho,
Ham. Hillo, ho, h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c1625] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.